

BRUSH CREEK, CASEY COUNTY.

Is the INTERIOR JOURNAL aware that just over the hill from the court-house in Liberty, in a Western direction, there is a large community full of life and business activity? Yet it is so. At the foot of the hill near the crossing of Brush Creek, stands Mitchell Taylor's mill where the busy hum of machinery can be heard at all times, and the active passing and moving around of men and teams can be seen from morning till night.

Near at hand stands a handsome residence occupied by a retired old bachelor, Uncle Tommy Jeffries, and his older maiden sister, Aunt Polly. Never was a more hospitable couple. At the beginning of the war they resided on the border between Clinton county, Ky., and Fentress county, Tennessee. It was here the hot breath of the South met the softer Union breezes of Southern Kentucky and they wouldn't mix harmoniously, and Uncle Tommy and his sister being of peaceable turns of mind, retired from the scenes of fierce passions and turmoil. On the opposite side of the creek stands the old church house belonging to the Separate Baptists, where regular meetings and Sunday-school are carried on, and occasionally they have singing classes in operation. Within eight stands the new church owned by the United Baptist and the Christian denominations. Religious exercises are carried on here nearly every Sabbath. Two flourishing school districts are also here on the creek bottoms in close proximity—Sharps and Aliens, so named from those living in the upper district being mostly Sharps, and those in the lower being mostly named Aliens.

Being in a somewhat reminiscent mood, memory will go back to the past and associate scenes and things with the present. The first wedding I ever attended, was nearly 50 years ago, but three ceremonies are distinctly remembered. Memory of the first of the three is doubly vivid from the fact that it fell on the night that Mr. Miller's conviction of the fulfillment of all prophecies, and the intricate mathematical calculations his transit of the Pons Asinorum enabled him to make, led him to advertise a free excursion to glory. His faithful disciples were assembled at the numerous stations along the route, arrayed in ascension robes, confirmed in confidence that the train would be on schedule time by the extraordinary celestial pyrotechnics of that evening, but figured, and that train is yet late. However, I followed the elder white folks to the cabin to see Sambo and Dinah cemented by their pakeon in the "be fo de wah." For 20 years that ceremony shook my faith in the white brothers superiority, till I heard one get off the same from the discipline of the M. E. church.

The second was the ceremony of a venerable divine of Springfield, Ky., which was the gem of conception and expression, unrivalled, but for originality, the Right Rev. Andy Jackson Gibony, U. C. (unique cussor), familiarly called "Dick," resident at Liberty, takes the cake. Dick ties the most artistic conjugal knot on record, and a photographic record of the few congratulatory remarks with which he supplements the pronouncement, in lieu of prayer, is all that is required to furnish our literature another prospect of deserved rank with Moore's Epitaph.

GRIT AND GRACE.

Hold Your Head Up.

I see men on every corner with long faces talking hard times. If they would only let silver and gold do their bidding let rabbit foot luck alone and go to work all would be well.

Throw that rabbit foot away—
Take that horse shoe down.
The "luck" you need is Grit and Grace
If your boat has run aground.

Hold your head up—bare your arm—
Look the world square in the face,
Trust in God and do the right,
Show your "Grit and Grace."

Macawber-like, you've hung around
Every corner in the place,
Do the turning up yourself—
Show your Grit and Grace.

This world is wide and filled with men
Of every shade and race,
But the only ones that win success
Are the men of Grit and Grace.

So quit your pining, show the man—
Occupy your place,
Show to the world of what you're made,
Show your Grit and Grace.

If you have the Grit, God will give the Grace—
The sun above you is shining—
So stir yourself and go to work
And quit your base repining.

"Big Four" to St. Paul.—On account of the Thirtieth Encampment G. A. R. at St. Paul, Minn., September 1 to 4, the Big Four Route will sell tickets at one cent per mile from stations on its lines. Tickets good going August 30 and 31 and Sept. 1; good returning until Sept. 15, with privilege of extension until Sept. 30, 1896. See nearest agent for particulars as to routes.

ENGINE FOR SALE.—Good Buchwalter, three-horse power, in good order, cheap. Apply to W. P. Walton.

THE LONDON FAIR.

And Other Items Picked up Here and There.

The 12th annual exhibition of the Laurel County Fair Association, like its predecessors, was a glittering success. More stock and a better quality was on hand than ever before and the crowds that attended each day greatly exceeded that of any previous fair. The trots and running races each day were hotly contested, the good purses hung up having drawn some of the best horses in the State. The free-for-all trot Friday was a very interesting race. There were three starters and the first heat was won in 2:32 by a horse that came all the way from Georgia. Col. S. Henry Traynor's crack, got the next three heats, however, and won the race. In the pacing race another Georgia horse was victor. The running race had eight starters and was won by a Madison county entry. The sweepstake saddle stallion ring was one of the features of the day. Six splendid animals were exhibited and the blue tie finally went to D. B. Collier, of Madison. The judges were nearly a half hour in rendering their decision. For the first time in years Mrs. John W. Bastin, a former Lincoln county lady, failed to win in the ladies' driving ring. There are few better reinwomen than she, but the judges saw fit to give the premium to Mrs. Hargroves, of Louisville, and Mrs. Bastin's friends were considerably hurt.

As president of the association, Mr. J. T. Williams is hard to beat. Full of life and thoroughly identified with the people, he is certainly the right man in the right place. Bob Jackson, as general manager, was also a success, while Carl Hanner as secretary, was most proficient and accommodating.

The crowd Friday was variously estimated at from 3,500 to 4,500. The immense amphitheatre was crowded and many were unable to get seats at all. There was little or no drunkenness and to use the old expression, "everything passed off quietly."

My republican friend, Judge W. L. Brown, took more interest in the fair than anybody. His every effort was used in making the visitors feel at home and those who know him can best know how well he succeeded.

As usual much interest was manifested in the fancy turn-out ring. Miss Mollie Riley, one of the prettiest girls in London, was the successful contestant, and the verdict was a satisfactory one.

On Thursday and Friday nights delightful hope were given at the Riley House, where until a late hour the light fantastic was tripped. Gallant beaux and pretty girls from several counties were present and nothing was left undone that would add to the pleasure of Capt. Riley's guests.

A cake walk at Judge W. L. Brown's Thursday night was a very amusing affair. Judge Vincent Boring, R. M. Jackson and Mr. Pollard represented sons of Ham and made very creditable Negroes. The judges found considerable trouble in awarding the premium which was given to Mr. Jackson and Mrs. Hargroves.

The following Lincoln county people were at the fair Friday: Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Martin, A. C. Dunn, C. C. and John McClure, Tom, Ben and Will Napier, John Murphy, Dan Holman, J. N. Saunders, Mrs. Dr. I. S. Burdett and sister, Miss Jennie Payne, S. H. Tatum, Wade Perkins, Jas. Brounagh, Steve Tester, George Dunn. Mrs. Martin took premiums on white cake and sweet pickle.

I don't love to talk politics but I can't keep from saying something about the political complexion of Laurel just now. To make a long story short the people are for Bryan and it will not surprise me greatly to hear that the county has gone for the democratic nominees. That Laurel is republican there is no doubt but the working class is for silver and the majority of the voters of that county belong to that class and why haven't we reason to believe that the democrats, or popocrats, as the Courier-Journal delights in calling us, will carry the county? W. C. Webb, who is labor agitator, wears a Bryan pin and is firm in his belief that the "boy orator of the Platte" will sweep things in November. Mr. Webb's influence is worth many votes to the cause of democracy.

"If you are a democrat why don't you wear a Bryan pin?" was asked me. I don't remember what my reply was, but I do know that my democracy is undoubted and that it is not necessary for me to wear an emblem on the lapel of my coat. As Capt. Frank Riley remarked the other day: "I am for the democratic nominees at all times and under all circumstances, it matters not what they be, my cross mark will go under the rooster, who if it wishes, can do my scratching." The Congressional race in the 11th is the subject of much comment. The result of John D. White's contest will not prevent him from running on and with two republicans in the field the chance of electing a democrat would be exceedingly good. James D. Black, of Barbourville, is being urged by his friends to make the race. Mr. Black is a free silver democrat, a polished gentleman and possesses the distinction of being the most

popular man in his district. Said Dan K. Rawlings the other day, "Mr. Black would carry Knox county beyond doubt. There are republicans galore who would support him and under the existing circumstances I believe he would be elected." Mr. Black is a shrewd politician, a fine man and his election would be an honor to his district.

A Bryan club several hundred strong has been organized at Barbourville. D. B. Faulkner is president and a good one he is. Mr. Faulkner was an original gold man, but he is not one of the stubborn kind and readily submits to the will of the majority.

The Bradley Guards were going through some military tactics when I got to Barbourville Saturday afternoon and the way they handled their guns was a caution. Captain Charlie Tinsley has them under excellent control and much good fighting may be expected of them if they are brought to the test. The boys make a splendid showing and are as good looking a set as one could find in a lengthy search.

Corbin is still growing and there's no telling how large she will get if a halt is not called. Our ex-cousinmen, Mr. T. M. White and Charles Renner, are among the wide-awake merchants there and both of them are getting a good deal of this world's goods. The former has a well stocked furniture and undertaking store, while the latter runs a bakery that is making him money hands over fist.

E. C. W.

BAPTISTS AND MASON'S GAIETY.

PREACHERSVILLE, Aug. 30.—The Baptist church here was crowded to-day to hear Rev. A. V. Sizemore's "Missionary Sermon." This church, composed of about 150 members, made an enviable reputation among the members of the Tates Creek Association (which runs up into the thousands) four years ago for generous hospitality, at which time the Association convened here. All the good things of earth that have a tendency to satisfy the inner man were then spread out with lavish hands, and what I desire to reiterate and emphasize is that though this Association is more or less than 100 years old, never since its organization has it been more royally entertained than at Preachersville. The members here are working members, individually. They realize the fact that the church is a good thing and they push it along—an example worthy of emulation. Brotherly love abounds beautifully and flows abundantly. The Sunday-school in the afternoon is unusually well attended. There are always plenty teachers present, while the scholars enrolled number about 75. There has never been, I understand, an occasion for a call for volunteer teachers to supply the demand, as was the case with the superintendent of the Sanford Baptist Sunday-school, Bro. Joseph C. McClary, some time since. The gray-haired veteran in the Master's cause, Mr. William Thomas Bragg White, is the superintendent here and he knows just exactly how to fill correctly any position—he's a mighty good man. To his Sunday-school the parents go and take their children—they don't send them. The Sanford Baptists ought to follow this example, too. The members of the church here attend the prayer-meetings every Thursday night in greater numbers also than the members of the Sanford Baptist church (or the other churches, either,) the distance that many of them have to travel being taken into consideration. A protracted meeting begins here next Thursday night, Rev. R. B. Mahony, the pastor, doing the preaching. There are as many handsome ladies in this congregation as in any of its size anywhere. The singing—they use no organ—is excellent, the ladies' voices predominating and of course making most of the melody.

The Masonic Lodge here must be taking in new members quite frequently, as I heard some outsiders say to-day that they often hear unusual noises in the lodge room during lodge hours, as if the much-talked-of goat had gotten loose or uncontrollable and was tearing up things generally.

The Preachersville and Stanford pike, apparently, has no toll-gates now. At least they were wide-open to-day, the gates were, and the keepers had gone visiting.

An aunt of George Paerigo, who was with the INTERIOR JOURNAL more than 23 years ago, when F. J. Campbell & Hill were proprietors, showed me a document to-day which stated that George's wife, who is an accomplished musician, has instructed four chickens in the art divine and in their chicken-like way they sing in a manner of which Mrs. Paerigo is proud in the extreme and at which the people listen in wonderment. The instructor's post-office address is Peoria, Illinois. JONI F. WATERS.

—Victoria Leroy, a female aeronaut from Ohio, accidentally released the parachute attached to the hot air balloon by which she was making an ascension at St. Louis, and despairingly relinquishing her hold, fell 2,000 feet to the earth and was dashed to pieces.

—England cleared over \$18,000,000 on her post-office department last year.

SHELBY CITY.

—A large and enthusiastic Bryan and Sewell Club was organized here Saturday night with W. E. Grubbs, president; Dr. H. L. Cartwright, vice-president and E. B. Sweeney, secretary and treasurer.

—Young Oscar Patterson, who was killed in a bicycle collision here Wednesday evening, would have been 21 years old Saturday. His body was shipped home Thursday, the day on which he was to have gone home.

—The young people, especially the Christian Endeavors, had a gay time during August, as no less than five parties of from 50 to 120 met in our little cities to enjoy each other's company, with dancing or card playing or wine drinking. Mr. Samuel Kelley, Miss Fannie Hunn, Mr. Owen Lingle and the Misses Shannon each entertained during the month.

—Misses Lily, Minnie and Nettie Shannon entertained quite a number of their friends Friday evening at their hospitable home near here in honor of Miss Lulu Purdon, of Penick Station. Among those present from a distance were Miss Nora Soper and brother, Frank, of Danville; Misses Lizzie Hunn, Josie Coffey, Edie and Margaret Sandidge, of Lincoln, and Messrs. George Hunn, Eubanks, Clarkson, Beck, Hill, and Dr. Pipes, of Lincoln, Graves, of Lebanon, and others whose names we failed to get. Ices, cakes and fruits were served and Dr. Pipes entertained the company with several selections on the organ.

—Last Saturday the colored people at Shelby and Junction Cities, under the auspices of the colored Baptist church, had a picnic. After repeated refusals, Col. R. J. Breckinridge finally consented to address the colored people on the financial issues of the campaign, being assured by the leaders that they would be glad to have him enlighten them upon that subject and also assuring him that he would be respectfully listened to. Capt. Dan Miles, of Nicholasville, district republican elector, led with a speech of more than an hour, when Col. Breckinridge was introduced by Capt. Miles. Col. B. confined himself strictly to the money question, free from any prejudice or partisanship; in fact, he didn't at any time allude to either democrat or republican parties, but simply explained the financial question as he understood and honestly believed it, beginning his speech by calling attention to the fact that he was the first democrat in the State who 30 years ago publicly took the position that negroes should be allowed to testify as witnesses in the courts of justice or anywhere else. It is due the colored people to say that up to this time Col. B. was treated with the utmost respect and marked attention, but when he had closed, whether it was premeditated or not, I am unable to say, the red headed Octoroon, Geo. W. Gentry, of Lincoln county, was put up to answer Col. B. and of course being intensely ignorant of the issue as discussed by Col. Breckinridge, entered into abuse of the democrats and partisan appeals to race prejudices, foaming and frothing at the mouth like an excited bull, until finally, exhausted from excitement and loss of breath, he was compelled to sit down. Col. B. then said that had he known or been invited to make a political speech he would not have been present and turning to Gentry said: "You know absolutely nothing about politics, except abuse and partisan excitement, which no decent man, white or colored, can afford to notice."

—Mrs. David Pepples died Friday of stomach trouble, at an advanced age. She had been ill for some time, but it was not thought she was dangerously so until the day before his death. Besides a loving husband, she left eight children, all of whom are grown. Mrs. Pepples was a daughter of the late Ike Scott and was an excellent Christian lady. She had been a member of the Goshen church for years and a large number of her friends gathered there Saturday to attend her burial.

—W. C. D. Whip, an old Louisville hotel man, is dead. He was once rich, but lost his fortune in securing his acquittal for the murder of his clerk, John W. Stockton.

HERE'S ANOTHER ONE.

River Excursion September 5.

The next excursion to High Bridge and down Kentucky River to Frankfort will be run on Thursday, September 10th at same low rate as heretofore. A delightful journey has been enjoyed by many. Should be experienced by everybody who has not tried it. Well worth the money. Ask agents for particulars. QUEEN & CRENSHAW.—Reduced rates to Newport races. One fare for round trip from Somerset and points north to Cincinnati.

Half rates to Indianapolis on account of the National democratic convention. Round trip tickets will be on sale from all stations, at one fare. Selling August 29, 31 and Sept. 1st. Good until Sept. 7th to return.

Philadelphia, Pa. National Druggists Association. October 5th to 9th.

W. C. RINEHART, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

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Suggestive Talk on Hard Times.

There is no denying the fact that "Hard Times" is with us, and a few suggestions how to deal with "him" seems very appropriate just now. It matters very little whether you believe in the free coinage of silver or in the single gold standard theory. There is a good time coming for all industrious people in this country in any event. But it will not come this year; it cannot come; hence all honest people should be as saving as possible, and above all keep out of debt. In view of these conditions, James Frye, Hustonville, will, from this day, sell goods for cash or country produce and will make no accounts for more than 30 days. All accounts will be due on the first day of each month, and you need not hunt any further than his store for the lowest possible prices on Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Dry Goods, &c. I am now closing out a big line of Fancy Shirts. If you want Carpet or Matting, don't buy till you get my prices. Statement of your account will be mailed to you on the first day of each month.

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